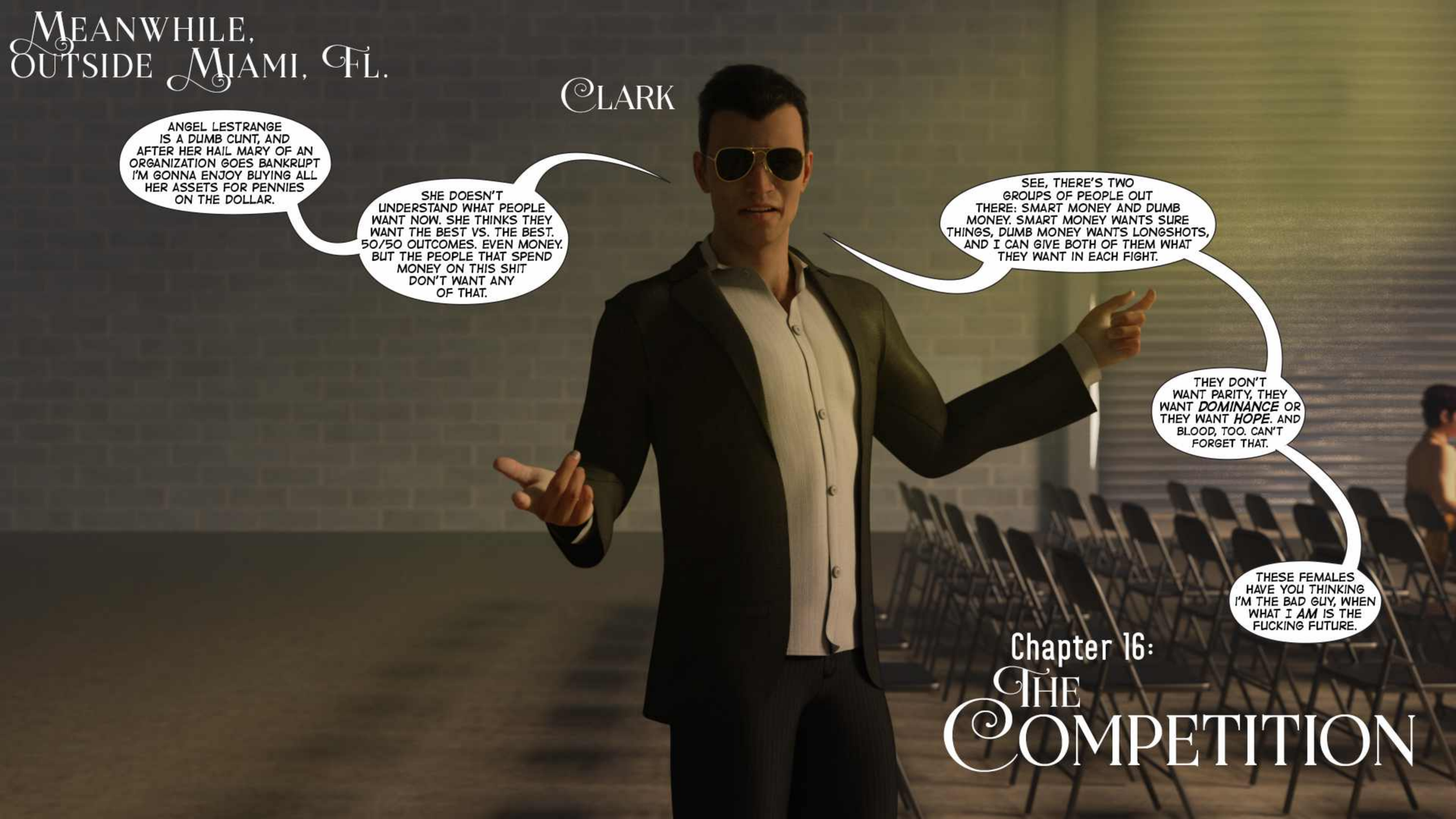
THE HEAVENLY BODIES
Volume 4
By A. F. Combat


Meanwhile,
Outside Miami, FL.
Clark
Angel LeStrange is a dumb cunt, and after her hail mary of an organization goes bankrupt I'm gonna enjoy buying all her assets for pennies on the dollar.
She doesn't understand what people want now. She thinks they want the best vs. the best. 50/50 outcomes. Even money. But the people that spend money on this shit don't want any of that.
See, there's two groups of people out there: smart money and dumb money. Smart money wants sure things, dumb money wants longshots, and I can give both of them what they want in each fight.
They don't want parity, they want *dominance* or they want *hope*. And blood, too. Can't forget that.
These females have you thinking I'm the bad guy, when what I *am* is the fucking future.
Chapter 16:
The Competition

"I MEAN, JUST LOOK AT WHAT I'VE GOT GOING DOWN WHILE LESTRANGE TRIES TO SELL HER WEAK SHIT:
HUNTER
Conchita "Hunter" Hernandez
FIGHTERS TO THE CENTER FOR PENALTY BLOWS!
Lucy "The Law" Lawson
"World's Fittest Female" Gabi Hearns
FIGHT FOR GLORY
"A PUERTO RICAN WITH A HUGE LOCAL FOLLOWING AGAINST AN INFLUENCER WITH FIVE MILLION FOLLOWERS ON FITSTAGRAM!"

"NOW, THE DUMB MONEY'S ALL ON HERNANDEZ, 'CAUSE THEY WANNA SEE THEIR HOMEGIRL KNOCK THAT RICH BITCH WHO 'AIN'T A REAL BOXER...'
OKAY, GABI HAS THREE POINTS FROM THREE KNOCKDOWNS. SHE GETS THREE PUNCHES ANYWHERE BELOW THE NECK AND ABOVE THE WAIST.
"...WHILE THE SMART MONEY KNOWS HERNANDEZ JUST FOUGHT A FUCKIN' WAR LAST MONTH, SEES HER AT THE WEIGH-IN WITH THAT KNEE BRACE, AND REALIZES THE ODDS SHOULD BE TEN-TO-ONE AGAINST HER INSTEAD OF THE THREE-TO-ONE THE DUMB MONEY'S MOVED THE LINE TO.

BELL TO START THE ROUND WILL RING AFTER I LET GO.
"AND GABI HERE THOUGHT SHE KNEW BETTER THAN ME ONCE, AND SHE PAID THE PRICE FOR IT. SHE LISTENS TO ME ABOUT WHO SHE SHOULD FIGHT, NOW."

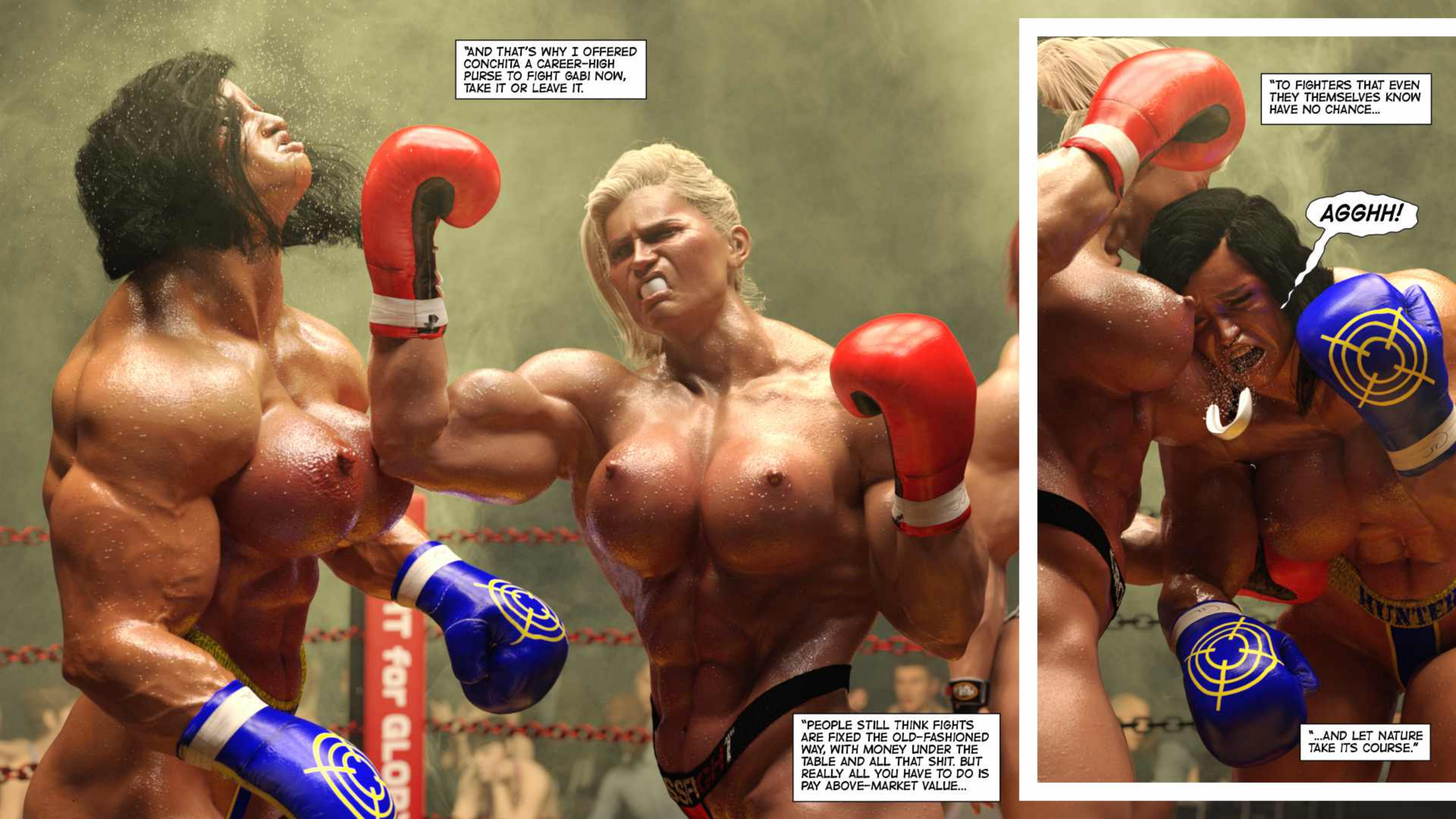
UNNHH!
"(SHE EVEN LISTENED TO ME ABOUT GETTING A BOOB JOB, BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT.)"

HNNHH!
HUNTER

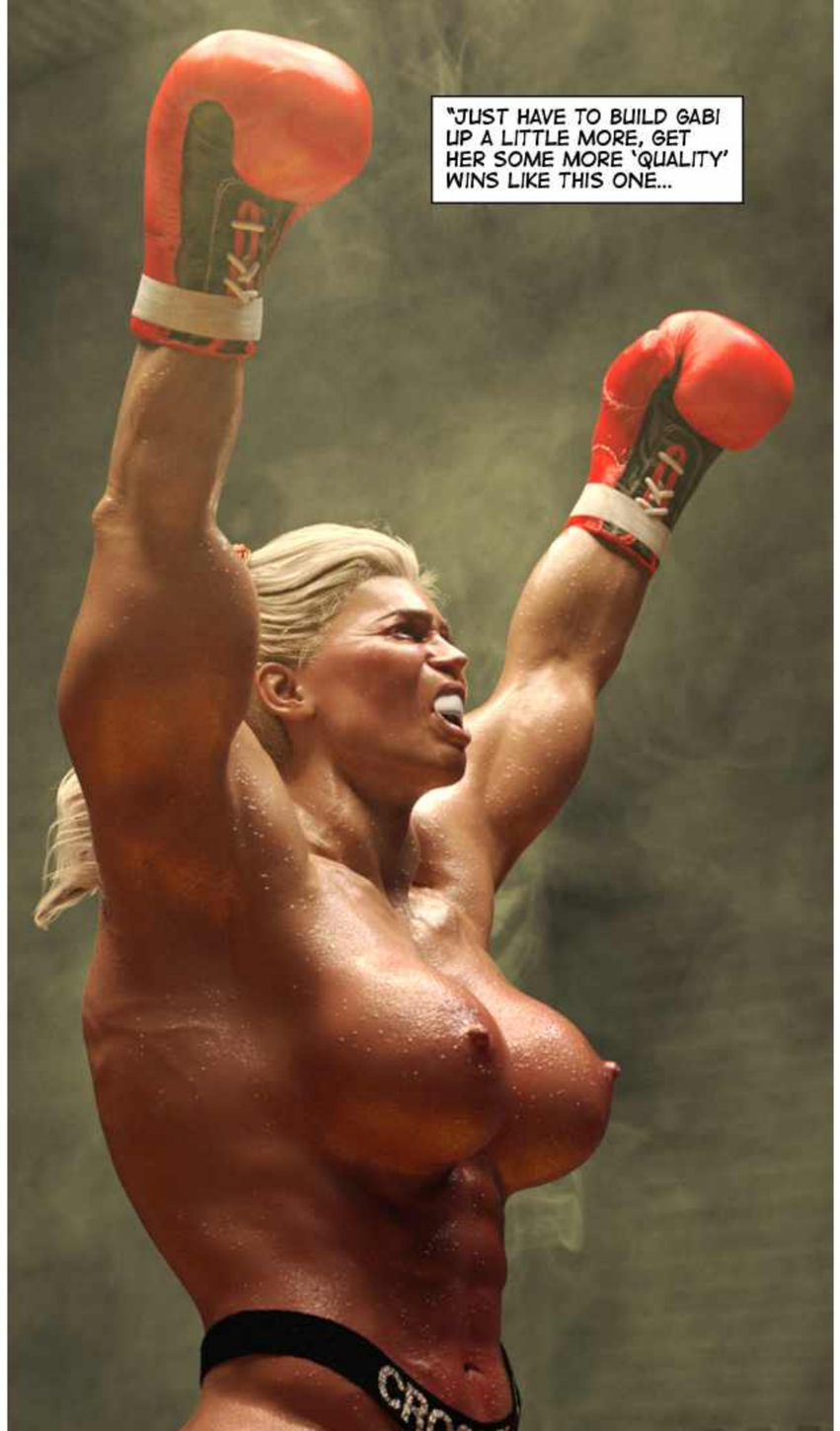
AAAHH!
GRUNCH!

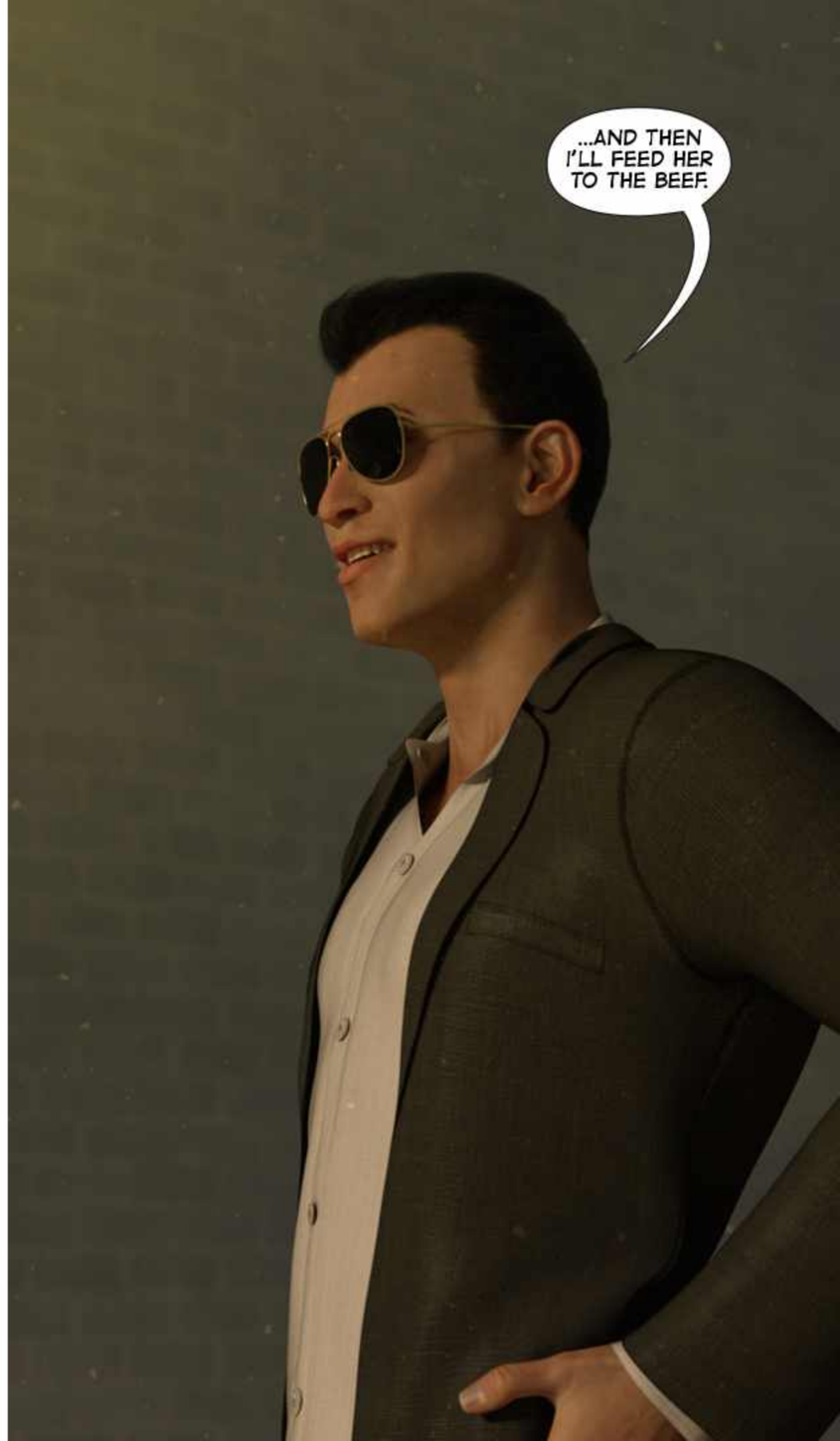
DING!
FIGHT!
"BECAUSE SHE'S FINALLY LISTENING TO ME, I'VE GOT HER MOVING UP IN THE RANKS OF MY LITTLE SHOW HERE...

"...GETTING HER MATCHED UP WITH GIRLS LIKE HERNANDEZ HERE, WHO'D PROBABLY BE WINNING EASY IF SHE WAS 100%...
GNNHH!
"...BUT THAT BUM KNEE AND SHORT REST HAVE HER JUST THROWING ARM PUNCHES.
"(EVEN IF THOSE ARE SOME BIG ARMS.)"
BITCH...


"AND THAT'S WHY I OFFERED CONCHITA A CAREER-HIGH PURSE TO FIGHT GABI NOW, TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.
"PEOPLE STILL THINK FIGHTS ARE FIXED THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY, WITH MONEY UNDER THE TABLE AND ALL THAT SHIT. BUT REALLY ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PAY ABOVE-MARKET VALUE...
"TO FIGHTERS THAT EVEN THEY THEMSELVES KNOW HAVE NO CHANCE...
AGGHH!
"...AND LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE."

"LIKE SO:


"JUST HAVE TO BUILD GABI UP A LITTLE MORE, GET HER SOME MORE 'QUALITY' WINS LIKE THIS ONE...


...AND THEN I'LL FEED HER TO THE BEEF.

MELLY? WHAT'S WRONG, HON?
S-SHE LEFT ME, ALLY...
Ally "Cat" Michaels
Melly "Pitbull" Parker
Chapter 17:
The Bedring Championship

AH, SHIT.
Angelique LeStrange
I'M GONNA KILL THAT CHUBBY BLONDE LITTLE--
Brooke "Bleeder" Hatlen
...SHE FUCKIN' LEFT ME!

--HEY, VALENTINE!
WE GOT A SITUATION. I NEED YOU TO WALK FIRST!

WELCOME BACK FIGHT FANS! I'M DAN REYNOLDS ALONGSIDE AL CLARKSON, AND WE'RE ABOUT TO SEE OUR FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT OF THE EVENING!
THAT'S RIGHT DAN! THE FIRST-EVER HEAVENLY BODIES BED-BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP, PITTING A VETERAN OF OVER 15 YEARS IN THE RING AGAINST A ROOKIE WHO'S SHOT UP THE CHARTS!
NOW MAKING HER WAY TO THE RING...
Barbie "Bruiser" Collins
Nancy Valentine
THANKS FOR FILLING IN. SCARLETT WAS GOING TO WORK MY CORNER, BUT... WELL...
EHH, NO BIGGIE; I WAS ALREADY CORNERING TWO FIGHTS, WHAT'S ONE MORE?

SHE WAS GONNA WORK MY CORNER... I NEED-- I NEED SOMEONE TO...
...ALLY! ALLY, CAN YOU...?

MEL... I'M ALREADY WORKING YOUR FIGHT AS THE REF. I CAN'T--
DON'T WORRY, KID...

...OL' AUNTIE ALMA'S GOT YOU COVERED.
Alma "Butcher" Beckett

LOOK, I KNOW YOU DON'T KNOW ME, AN' I KNOW WE AIN'T TALKED NONE...
...BUT NONE OF THAT MATTERS. 'CAUSE YOU AND I ARE *BLOOD*. GET ME?

AND I PROMISE YOU I AM GONNA STAY WITH YOU AND GET YOU THROUGH THIS. OKAY?

O-OKAY.

...ANGEL CATCHES US LIKE THIS, YOU BETTER TELL HER IT WAS ALL YOUR IDEA; I BEEN STAYING AWAY UNTIL AFTER THE FIGHT LIKE SHE ASKED.
Back to THE NIGHT BEFORE:
AND I APPRECIATE THAT. LOOK, I KNOW YOU'VE GOT GOOD REASON TO HATE MY ASS, AND YOUR WHOLE FAMILY AIN'T ON MY CHRISTMAS CARD LIST EITHER. BUT I'M NOT HERE TO TALK ABOUT US.
THIS IS ABOUT MELLY.
THERE'S A... *REALLY* GOOD CHANCE SHE'S GONNA BE IN DEEP SHIT AND IN NEED OF SOMEONE TO HELP HER OUT OF IT TOMORROW NIGHT, AND EVERYONE WHO'D USUALLY DO THE JOB'LL BE UNAVAILABLE.
INCLUDING ME.
...SHIT.

AND IF... IF *BILLY'S DAUGHTER* NEEDS HELP, I KNOW YOU'LL DO EVERYTHING YOU CAN FOR HER. I WOULDN'T ASK ANYONE ELSE.
YOU KNOW WHAT HE'D WANT YOU TO DO.

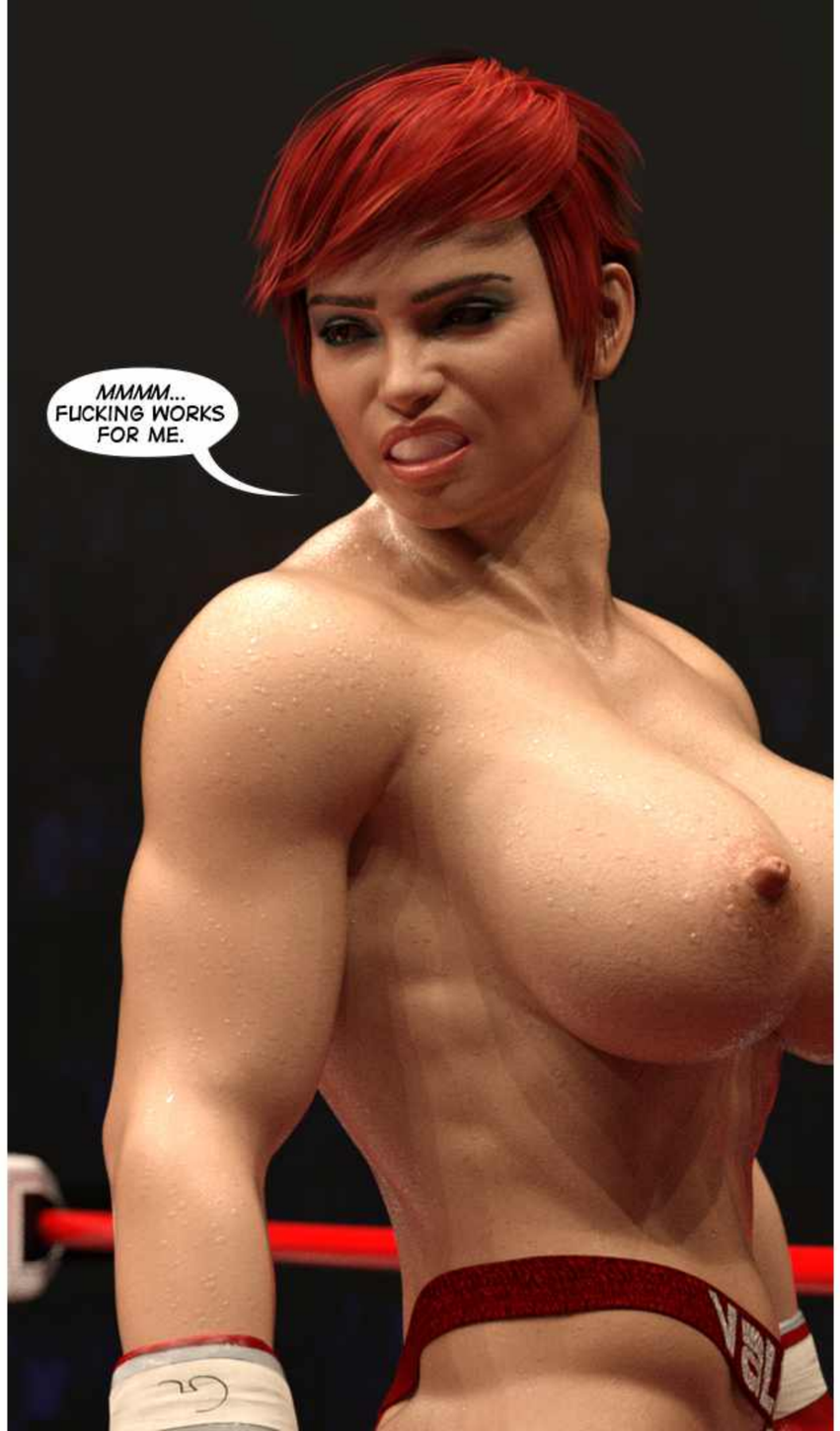
NOW:

LET'S GO.
...YEAH. COMING...

AND HER OPPONENT...

YOU KNOW WHAT?
YOU'RE DISTRACTED. HEAD'S NOT IN THE GAME.
VALENTINE'S TOO. YOU BOTH NEED TO FOCUS ON WHO'S IN FRONT OF YOU.
BUT IF YOU TWO CAN'T DO THAT, MAYBE I CAN OFFER A LITTLE INCENTIVE THAT'LL HELP.
WHAT?
WOWWW. NO SHIT?

HEY, VALENTINE!
WHAT!?
SO LOUD!
THE WINNER HERE GETS CAROL AS THEIR FIRST TITLE DEFENSE. HOW'S THAT SOUND TO YOU?


MMMM... FUCKING WORKS FOR ME.

YOU FEEL PROPERLY MOTIVATED NOW?
OHHHH THE THINGS I'M GONNA DO TO YOU WHEN WE GET HOME TONIGHT...
FOCUS ON WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO IN THERE FOR THE NEXT THREE MINUTES.
DING!

UNNHH!

Round One

HNNHH!
GNNHH!
DON'T REALLY FEEL LIKE SLUTTING IT UP RIGHT NOW. YOU?
NOT REALLY.
WANNA JUST BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF EACH OTHER AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS?
FUCK YEAH.

"THESE TWO SEEM TO BE IGNORING THE 'BED' PART OF BEDBOXING RIGHT NOW, AREN'T THEY?"

"DAMN RIGHT THEY ARE!

"THEY'RE GOING TO WAR IN THERE!"

GNHH--

--HNNH--

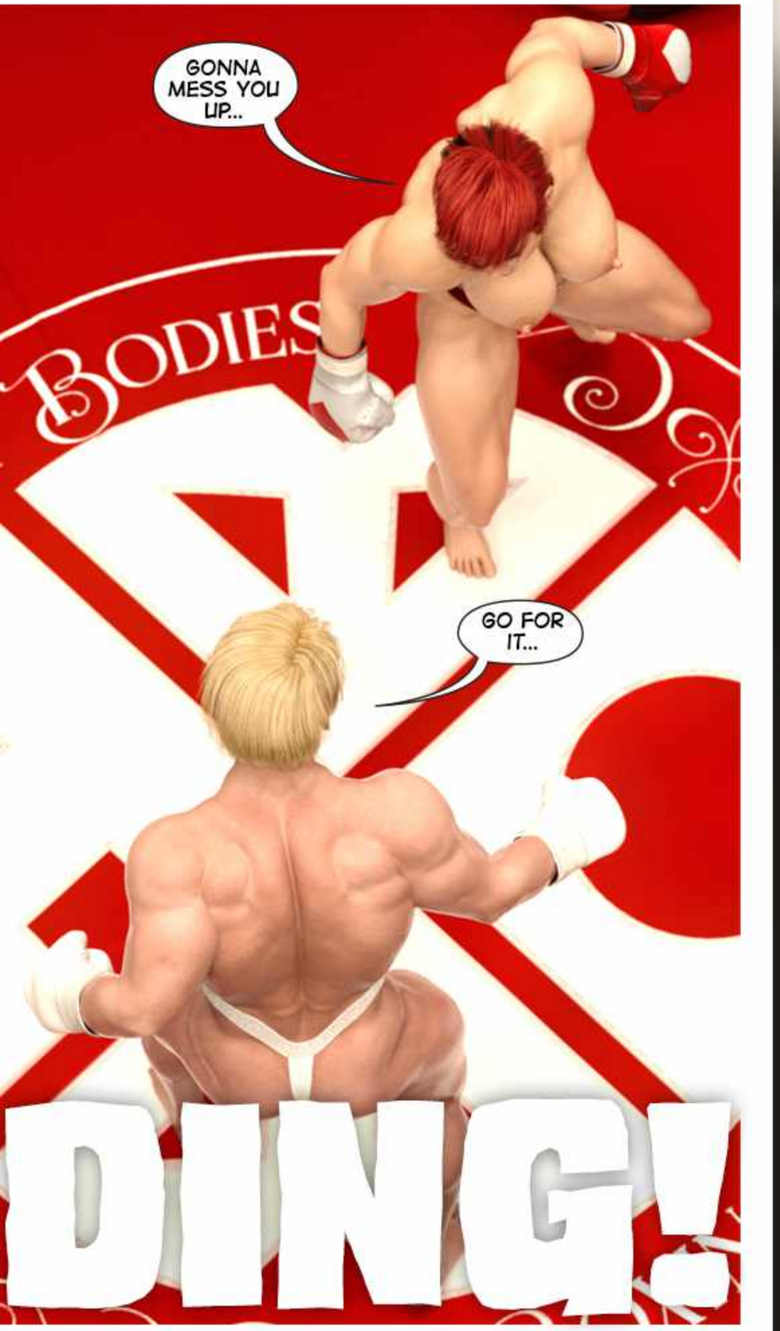
--HGGH--

--HOOUGH!
AAAHH!

GNNHH!
AUGGHH!
HHHOOO...
HHHOOO...
DING!

REMEMBER WHAT SANDERS TOLD US ABOUT THIS CHICK: YOU WORK THAT GLASS GUT OF HERS AND SHE FUCKING MELTS. KEEP GOING AFTER THE BODY AND YOU'LL OWN HER ASS.

FUUUUCK THAT HURT...
LOOK, BROOKE'S HAD MORE FIGHTS THAN HALF THE GIRLS HERE PUT TOGETHER, AND SHE'S STRONG ENOUGH TO TO PUSH ME AROUND IN A CLINCH. YOU TRY FIGHTING HER DIRTY AND ON THE INSIDE, SHE'LL TEAR YOU APART.
THE ONLY WEAKNESS SHE'S GOT THAT I KNOW OF IS HER FACE BUSTS OPEN PRETTY EASY. SO, WORK HER EYEBROWS, TWIST YOUR PUNCHES AND TRY TO CREATE SOME BLINDSPOTS.



Round Two

UNNHH!

HNNHH!

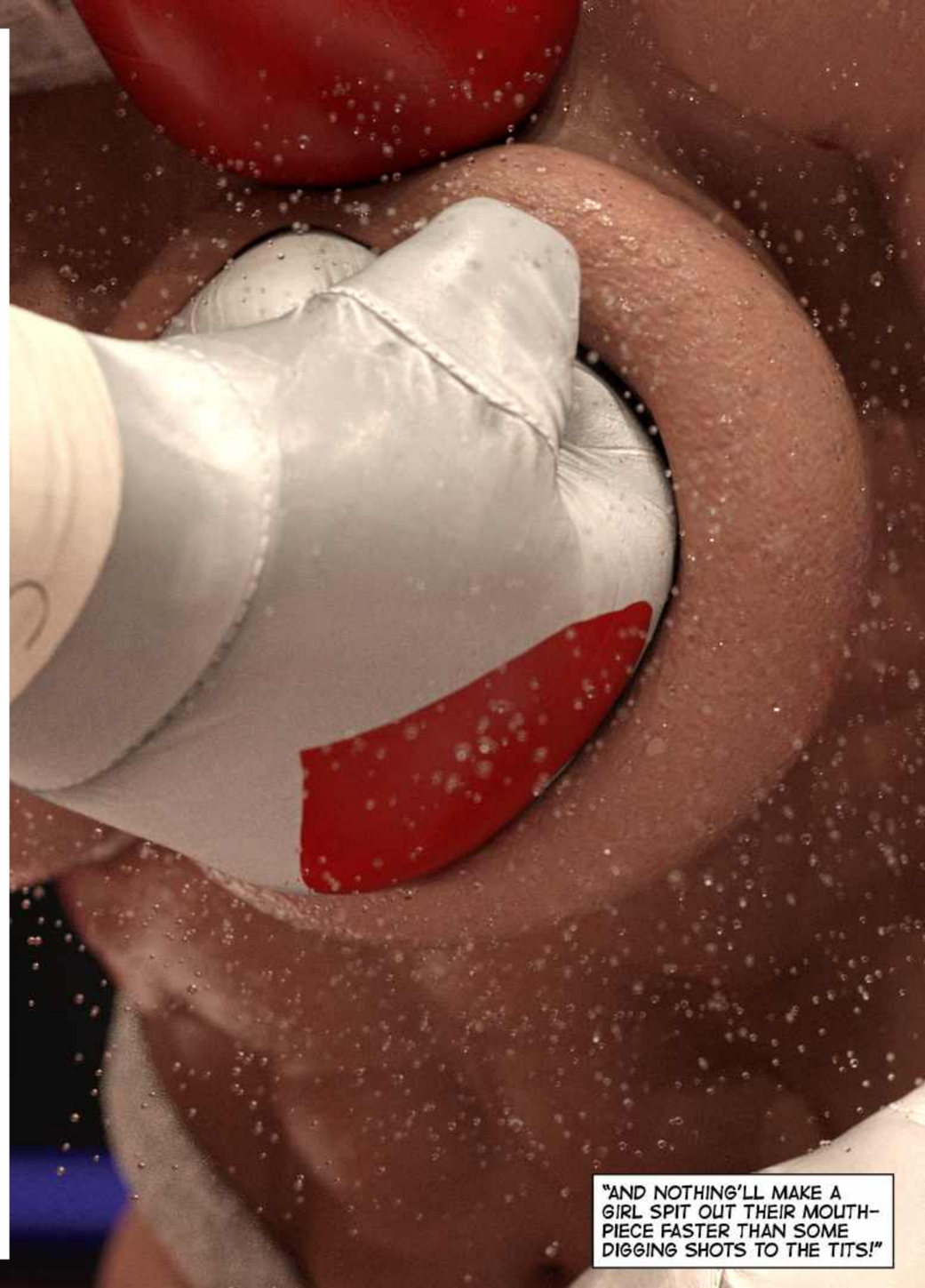
HOOFF!

HNNNNNGH...

HMMFF!
OHHHH...
"DOWN GOES VALENTINE! WE HAVE OUR FIRST KNOCK-DOWN IN THIS TITLE FIGHT!"

UGGHH!
"NOT THAT KNOCKDOWNS MATTER MUCH IN BED-BOXING. RIGHT, DAN?"
"YEAH, AND THEY DON'T STOP THE ACTION EITHER. AS VALENTINE MOVES QUICKLY TO EVEN THE SCORE AND BRING BROOKE DOWN TO HER LEVEL!"

"AS HEAVY HANDED AS THIS FIGHT HAS BEEN, IT'S STILL BEING FOUGHT UNDER BED-BOXING RULES...
"...SO THE ONLY THING THAT'LL END THIS FIGHT IS ONE OF THESE WOMEN GIVING UP THEIR MOUTHPIECE...


"AND NOTHING'LL MAKE A GIRL SPIT OUT THEIR MOUTH-PIECE FASTER THAN SOME DIGGING SHOTS TO THE TITS!"

"AND NOW THEY'RE BOTH ON THEIR KNEES TAKING TURNS BLASTING BOOB AND JACKING JAW, EACH TRYING TO BREAK THE OTHER BEFORE THE BELL!"

BING!
GONNA GET YOU NEXT ROUND
LEMME GO DAMMIT
"AND BEYOND THE BELL! THE SECONDS ARE HAVING TO COME IN AND DRAG THEM BACK TO THEIR CORNERS!"
SHE'S MINE...
I CAN TAKE HER...

Round
THREE

Round
Four

Round
FIVE

Round
Six
Valentine

Round Seven

Round
EIGHT
AUGGHHH!

Round NINE
HAHHH! FUCK!
"...HERE WE GO! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE FINALLY GOING TO GET SOME BED-STYLE ACTION IN THIS BEDBOXING MATCH!"
HNNHH!

UGGHH!

OHHHH... GOD, YOU'RE HOT...
MMMM... I'M IN THE MOOD, NOW. YOU?
HHHHELL YESSS...

YOU LIKE THAT?
MMM-HMM...

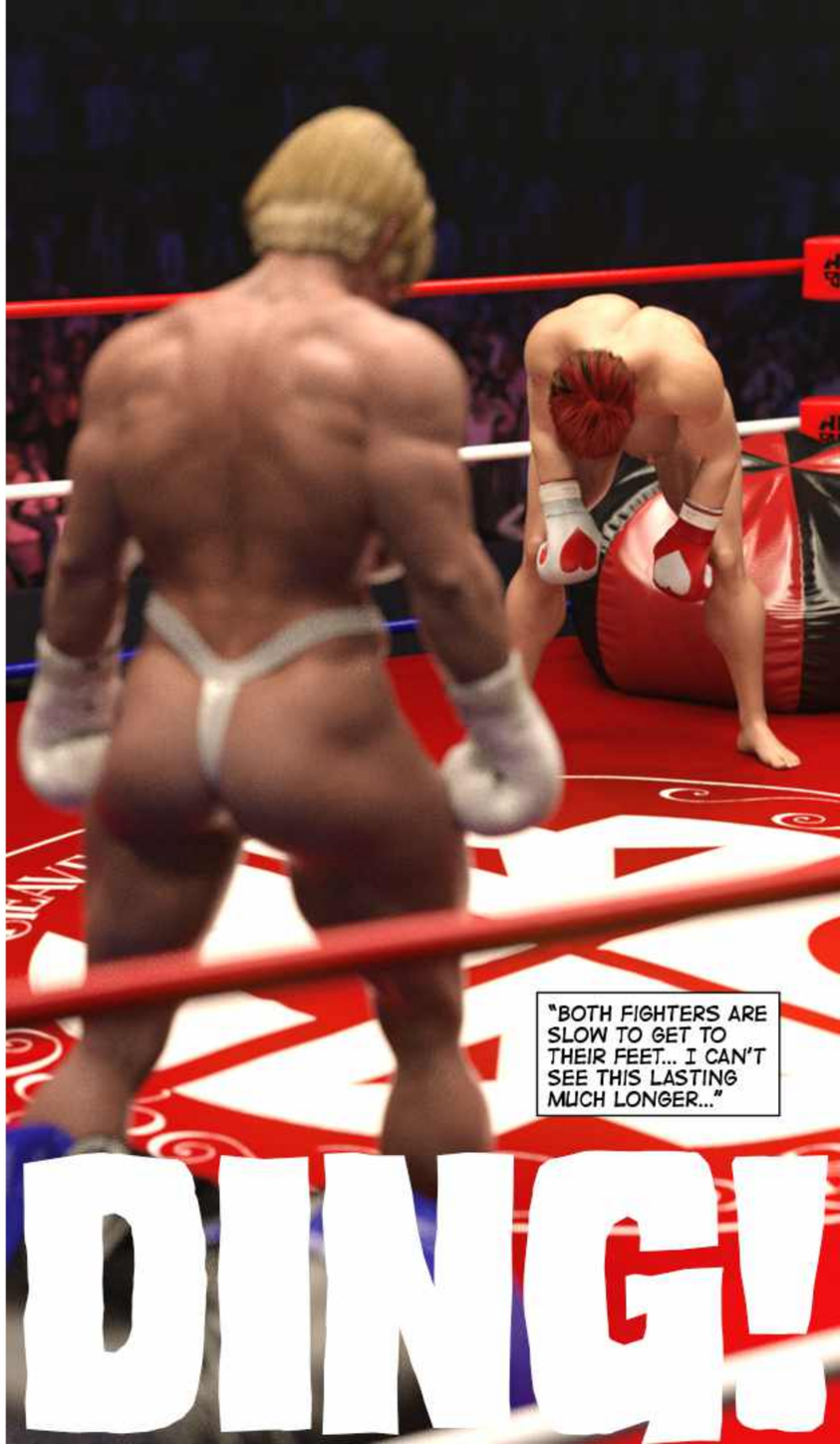
...MMHHH!
TOUGH SHIT.

I LIKE IT ROUGH.
MMPHH! MMMHHH!
WHAP!
WHAP!
WHAP!
WHAP!

DING!
WAS THAT GOOD FOR YOU?
HAAHHHH... HAHHHH...
"THAT'S THE BELL FOR ROUND NINE! AND IT LOOKS LIKE BROOKE IS IN BAD SHAPE GOING IN TO ROUND TEN!"
SIGH... I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO BE PISSED OFF OR JEALOUS...
NNN... PORQUE NO LOS DOS?
SHIT. HER BRAIN REBOOTED AND NOW EVERYTHING'S IN SPANISH.
IT WAS A JOKE YOU BITCH.
JOKES ARE FUNNY.

ALMOST HAD HER... NOT LETTING HER BEAT ME...
JUST BREATHE... I KNOW YOU WANT THAT SHOT AT CAROL--

IT AIN'T ABOUT FUGGIN' CAROL.
THE ONLY REASON SCARLETT'S HERE IS 'CAUSE OF ME.
SHE'S ALL FUCKED UP BACKSTAGE RIGHT NOW... 'CAUSE OF ME.
WINNING HERE MEANS IT WASN'T FOR NOTHING.
SECONDS OUT!


"BOTH FIGHTERS ARE SLOW TO GET TO THEIR FEET... I CAN'T SEE THIS LASTING MUCH LONGER..."
DING

Round Ten

"RIGHT HAND FROM VALENTINE!

"AND ANOTHER!
"THAT LEFT EYE OF HATLEN LOOKS COMPLETELY CLOSED. I DON'T THINK SHE CAN SEE THOSE RIGHTS COMING ANYMORE!

"BROOKE STEPS IN AND FIRES BACK WITH A SLAPPING HOOK TO THE JUGS--

"--A CRUNCHING HOOK TO THE RIBS--

HAUHHH!
"--AND FINALLY A RIGHT HAND *DEEP* INTO THAT BRUISED BELLY! SHE'S BEEN WORKING VALENTINE'S BODY ALL NIGHT AND IT'S REALLY PAYING OFF!
A-AHHH! G-G-GAWD!
"AND THAT LAST PUNCH MAY HAVE TAKEN THE FIGHT OUT OF THE RED-HEAD, JUDGING BY HER SHUDDERING MOANS--
"--AND QUAKING LEGS AS SHE HOLDS ON FOR DEAR LIFE!

NOW, WHY DON'TCHA SPIT THAT THING OUT SO WE CAN GET THIS OVER WITH?

WHUH...
"HATLEN SPINS AROUND VALENTINE, GETS HER BACK--

"--AND STARTS GROPING HER FROM BEHIND! LOOKS LIKE SHE'S SOFTENING VALENTINE UP JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE BEFORE SHE TRIES FORCING OUT THAT MOUTHPIECE WITH A REVERSE BEARHUG!
...HAUHH!

UGGHH!
GET OFF!

CRACK!

"VALENTINE BREAKS FREE! SHE LINES UP IN THAT BLINDSPOT ON HATLEN'S LEFT SIDE...

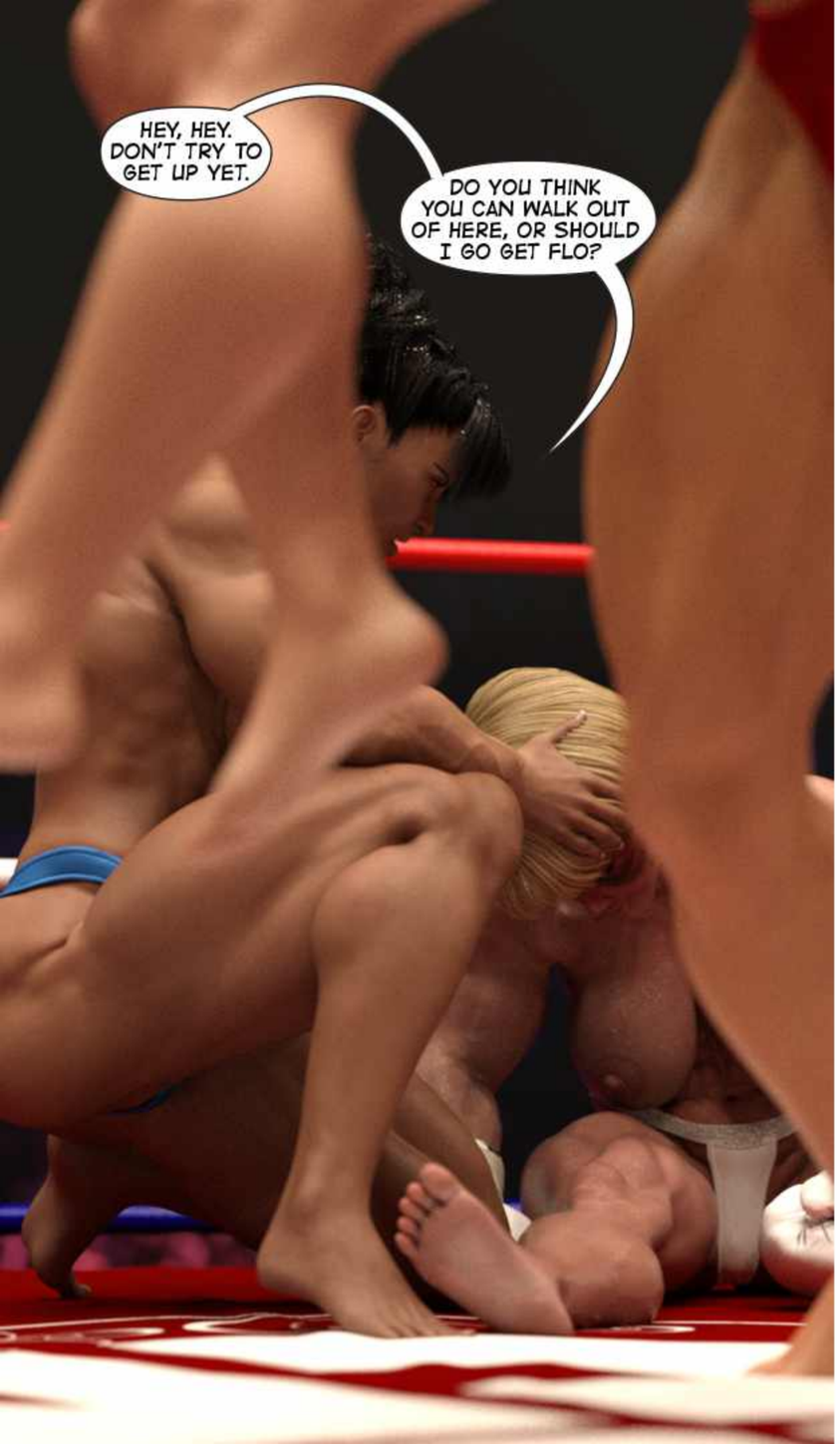
...AND PUTS HER DOWN HARD!

AH, HELL.

"WHY DON'TCHA SPIT THAT THING OUT SO WE CAN GET THIS OVER WITH?"
COCKY BITCH.

"VALENTINE HAS MOUNTED HATLEN AND IS GOING FOR HER MOUTHPIECE, BUT TIME IS WINDING DOWN. CAN SHE GET IT BEFORE THE BELL!?

"YES SHE CAN!
DING!
DING!
DING!
"NANCY VALENTINE WINS! SHE HAS BECOME THE FIRST HEAVENLY BODIES BEDBOXING CHAMPION!


HEY, HEY. DON'T TRY TO GET UP YET.
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN WALK OUT OF HERE, OR SHOULD I GO GET FLO?

'M FINE.
I CAN WALK.
I JUS' WANNA GO.

OKAY, THEN. HERE WE GO...
"THERE'S A ROUND OF CHEERS FROM THE CROWD AS HATLEN GETS BACK ON HER FEET!"

BACK STAGE:
Scarlett
CARSON

UM, HEY.

ARE YOU OKAY?

MY BACK'LL BE SORE FOR A FEW DAYS, BUT SEEING YOU HAS ME FEELING BETTER.
AND SEEING THAT.
YEAH, I GUESS I WON...

HEY, VALENTINE!
C'MERE.

HOOOF! OKAY...
THAT WAS A HELLUVA FIGHT.
BEAT ME FAIR AND SQUARE.

MAKE DAMN SURE YOU KICK HER ASS.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER:

WELCOME BACK FIGHT FANS! WE'VE FOLDED UP THE SHEETS AND PUT AWAY THE MATTRESSES. IT'S TIME FOR SOME GOOD OLD-FASHIONED SLUGFESTS!

Chapter 18:
FIGHT NIGHT CONTINUES

THAT'S RIGHT, DAN. WE'RE SWITCHING TO THE STANDARD W.T.F.B.A. BOXING RULES FOR THESE THREE FIGHTS: UNLIMITED THREE-MINUTE ROUNDS TO A TEN-COUNT OR REFEREE STOPPAGE!
AND STARTING THINGS OFF, WE HAVE TWO YOUNG PROSPECTS LOOKING TO MAKE A STATE-MENT AND MOVE UP IN THE RANKINGS!

NOW MAKING HER WAY TO THE RING... RAQUEL "HARD ROCK" DOMBROZZI!

EVERLAST
C'MON, GIRL... YOU GOT THIS...
OWWW! SHIT!
JESUS, VALENTINE. DID YOU BLOCK EVERY PUNCH WITH YOUR TITS!?

AND HER OPPONENT... IN THE RED CORNER... MELLY "PITBULL" PARKER!
EVERLAST

FIGHTERS TO THE CENTER!
"ALLY MICHAELS, SWITCHING FROM CORNER TO REFEREE DUTIES, CALLS BOTH BOXERS TO CENTER-RING FOR HER FINAL INSTRUCTIONS...

I'LL KEEP IT SHORT: YOU BOTH KNOW THE RULES. I WANT YOU TO OBEY MY COMMANDS AT ALL TIMES ANY QUESTIONS?

YOU READY TO SHOW ME WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF?

...GO TO YOUR CORNERS AND WAIT FOR THE BELL.

FOCUS ON THE GIRL IN FRONT OF YOU, OKAY?

YOU WISH YOU WERE FIGHTING TONIGHT?
YOU KIDDING? I'M GETTING A BONUS EACH TIME I WORK A CORNER. I MIGHT BE MAKING MORE TONIGHT THAN YOU ARE.

JUST RELAX. AND TAKE YOUR TIME OUT THERE.
BOXERS READY?

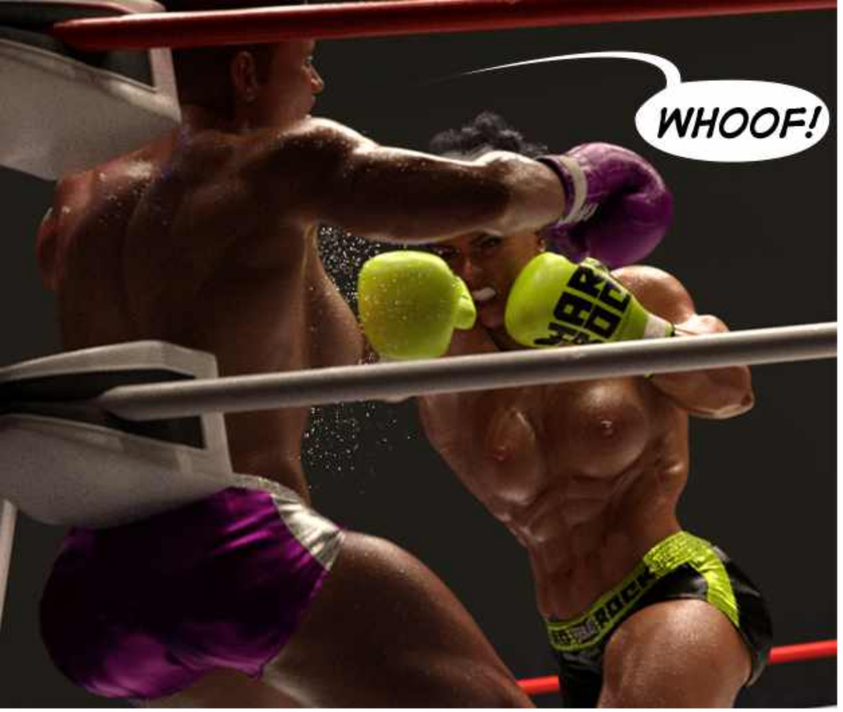
FIGHT!
DING

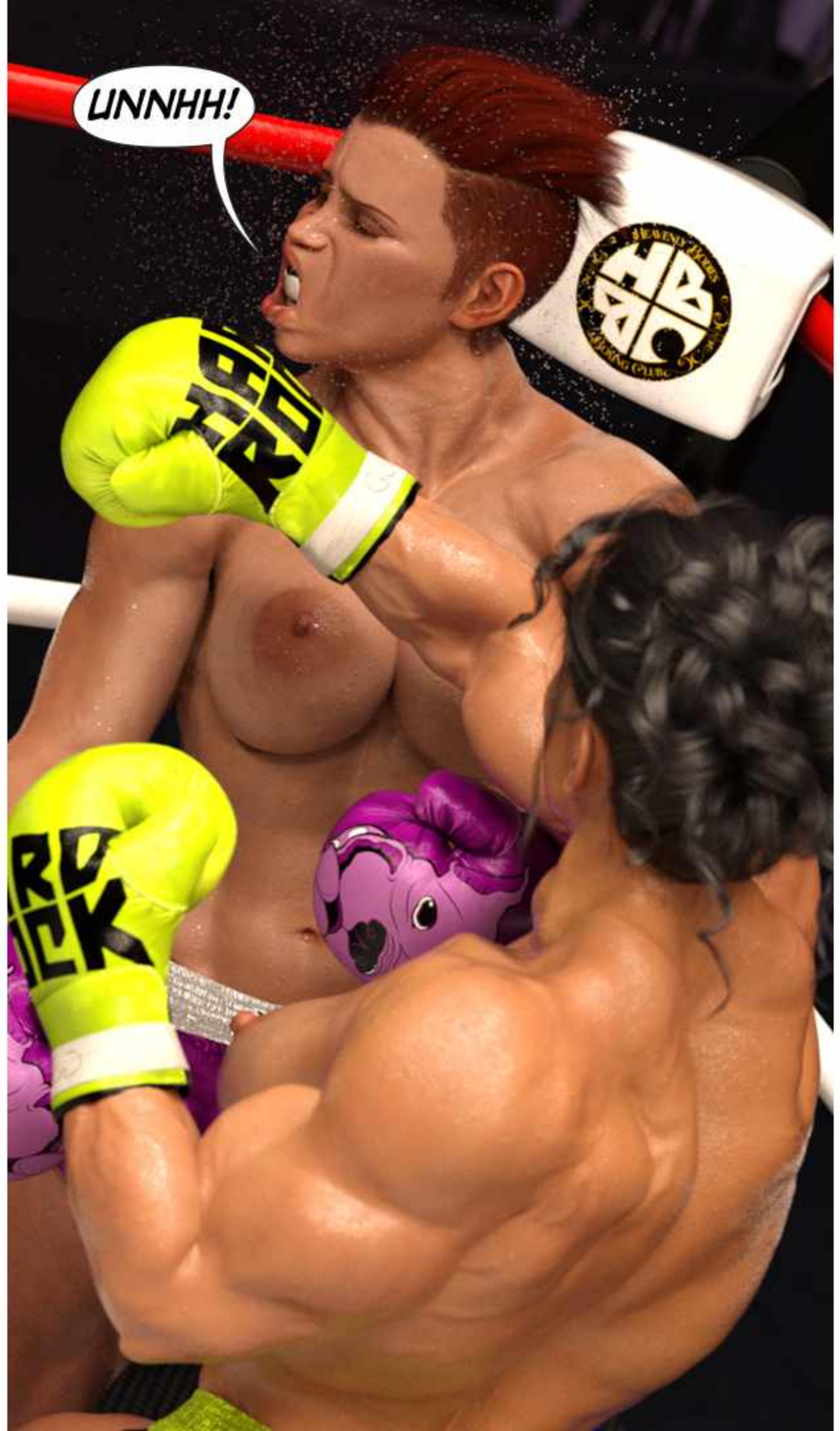
BOXING CLUB
"AND HERE WE GO! ROUND ONE!

UNNHH!
C'MON
GUH--
--HNNHH!
HHFFF!
OR... NOT.

WHUFF!
GNNHH!
"PARKER'S COME OUT GUNS BLAZING--
UGGHH!
"--BUT HERE COMES DOMBROZZI!

C'MON PITBULL
UNNHH!
HNNHH!


WHOOF!


UNNHH!

HUNHH!

UGGHH!

AAGHH!
EVERLAST
GET OFF THEM FUCKIN' ROPES!

HNNH--
--HNHH!
DING!
OHHH...

Carol's Place:

Sunset Cummings

THAT WAS JUST A *DISASTEROUS* FIRST ROUND FOR "PITBULL" PARKER!

"Curvy" Carol Marcus

DAMMIT... YOU GOTTA FIGHT SMARTER THAN THIS, KID...
...M-MAKE A COMEBACK...

GLUH... SHIT'S FUCKIN' PATHETIC... WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GIVING THESE FOLKS A DAMN SHOW...

STICK AND MOVE! STAY AWAY FROM HER!

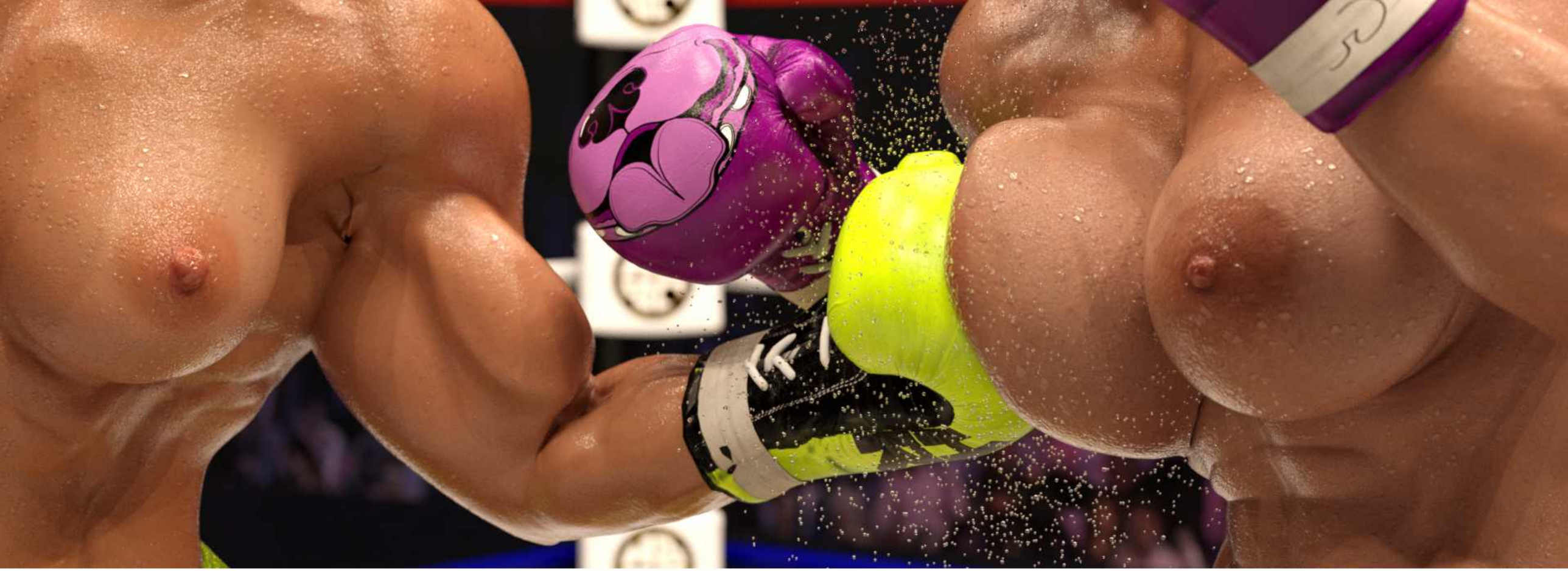
C'MON, PITBULL... GIMME YOUR BEST SHOT!

UNNHH!

GNHH--

--HNNH!

TOO SLOW--
WHOOFF!



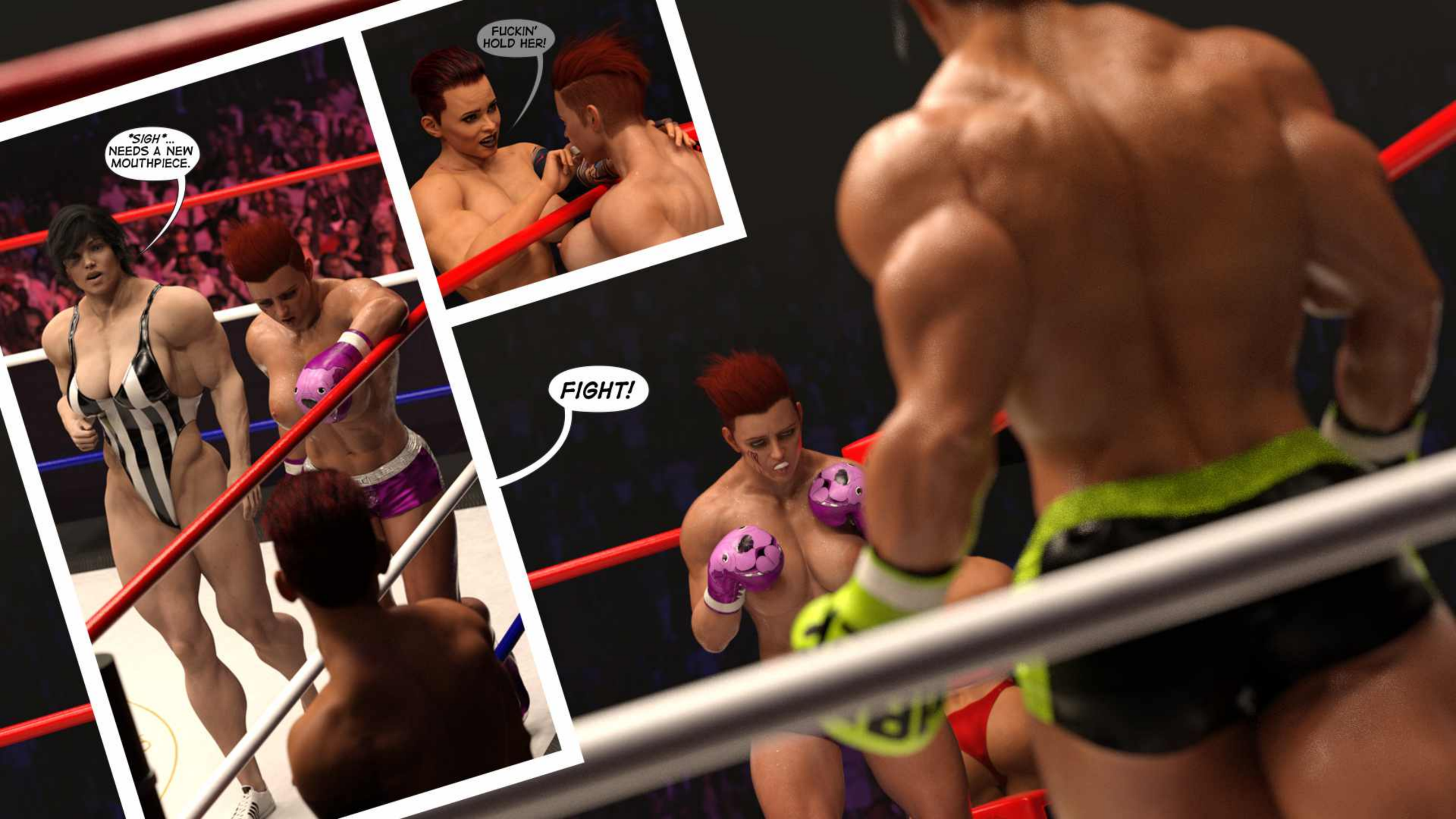
UGGHH!
NNN...
HNNHH!

HURRGHH!
HAHH...
HAHH...
HAHH...

HHH... H-HARDER...
YOU ASKED FOR IT, YA LITTLE FREAK--

HNNGHH!

"PARKER IS DOWN! DOMBROZZI HAS PUT HER ON HER BUTT IN ROUND TWO AND REFEREE MICHAELS HAS STARTED THE COUNT!
THREE!
FOUR!
FIVE!
SIX!
YOU SURE YOU WANT TO KEEP GOING, KID?
NNN... D-DON'T STOP...


SIGH... NEEDS A NEW MOUTHPIECE.
FUCKIN' HOLD HER!
FIGHT!

PARKER CIRCLES AWAY FROM THE CORNER, SHOOTING A WEAK JAB...
DOMBROZZI STALKING HER PREY, BOBBING AND WEAVING-- SLIPS THE JAB AND AND DIGS AT THE RIBCAGE WITH A ONE-TWO!
PARKER IS HURT AGAIN, AND SHE'S TRYING TO TIE DOMBROZZI UP...
"HARD ROCK" AIN'T HAVING IT! SHE SHRUGS PARKER OFF AND MUSCLES HER INTO THE ROPES!
ANOTHER ONE-TWO TO THE JAWLINE CRACKS OPEN THE GUARD, AND DOMBROZZI STARTS *RUINING* RACK, JUST *POUNDING* "PITBULL'S" PUPPIES!
PARKER'S ARMS ARE DROPPING, EYES FLUTTERING-- THERE'S A LOW LEFT TO THE TRUNKLINE THAT LOOKED LIKE IT REARRANGED HER ORGANS!
OHHHHH YES! YES! YES!

HNNNHH...

DO US BOTH A FAVOR, AND STAY THE FUCK DOWN.

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
EIGHT!
NINE!
TEN!

...GODDAMN EMBARASSING. FELT LIKE I WAS BULLYING A LITTLE KID OUT THERE.
BACK SO SOON?
IF WE WERE OUT THERE ANY LONGER, MELLY'D BE A CORPSE.
UM. SORRY, BROOKE.

WANNA GO AHEAD AND CHECK ME OUT? WON'T TAKE LONG, SHE BARELY TOUCHED ME.
MIGHT AS WELL. C'MON, WE'LL MAKE IT QUICK.
SIGH...

OVER HERE. CAREFUL, NOW...

...JUST SIT DOWN RIGHT HERE. THE NURSE'LL BE OUT TO CHECK YOU IN A BIT.

UM, HEY.

I NEED YOU TO KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU MORE THAN ANYTHING. AND, I AM SO SORRY FOR EVER GIVING YOU A REASON TO THINK I DON'T.
I WILL ALWAYS BE RIGHT HERE FOR WHATEVER YOU NEED. I'M NOT RUNNING ANYWHERE.

SHHH... SHHH... IT'S OKAY...

GOD... IT JUST HURTS SO MUCH...

To be CONTINUED...